

OOPSY

(first draft)

by Patrick Griffiths

XC >> X X U
K H C n " > X
L L " " n "
" " " " S

TALKING ANIMAL

www.talkinganimal.co.uk

EXT. STREET. MORNING

Daisy, a rotund, slightly shabby elderly lady walks down a residential street with a small plastic shopping bag in either hand and a grimace on her face. Several steps behind her is her husband, Aubrey, a meek shadow of a man, struggling with several bulging shopping bags.

Unaware of a broken paving slab slab several paces in front of her, Daisy waddles up to it and trips, sending the few pieces of fruit, vegetables and Turkish delight she was carrying flying in to the air as her bulbous body hits the ground with a thud.

She stares in to the air, dazed, as Aubrey runs to her side.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

Wearing a neck brace and sporting a few minor scratches, Daisy sits on an old grey chair in her old, small grey living room staring at the main light source in the room; a television set bought in the days when colour TV was a new phenomenon.

Aubrey approaches her chair with a grey bowl of cheap thick soup and places it in front of Daisy, who sneers, completely blanks him and remains transfixed by the TV.

As she slurps on her soup her interest is piqued by a commercial.

VOICE ON TV

Have you been the victim of an accident? Has an accident caused you miserable pain, suffering, and pain?

On the TV is a somewhat slimy, mustachioed man in a suit walking, for no apparent reason, through an office. He is probably the manager of the company he is promoting, too cheap to hire a professional actor.

AD BLOKE

If so, then you could be entitled to lots and lots of money.

Daisy likes what she's hearing.

AD BLOKE

If you have experienced pain, discomfort, inconvenience, pain, or all four through no fault of your own we can find someone to blame and make them give you money.

(CONTINUED)

Just call the number on your
screen now and turn misfortune in
to a fortune.

With soup dribbling down her chin, Daisy reaches to her side, grabs the telephone, dials the number and puts the grey receiver to her ear.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING

A still slightly scabby, but neck-brace free Daisy sits, as before, in her old grey chair in front of the television. Aubrey sits in another, smaller and shabbier chair, banished to the corner of the room.

Letters are pushed through the letterbox.

Aubrey slowly stands from his chair and goes to collect the mail. He returns and places all three envelopes in front of Daisy.

Daisy ignores Aubrey but sifts through the letters. Ripping one open, she pulls out a cheque, made out to Daisy Evans for the amount of £3,000. A smile replaces her grimace and her eyes open wide with glee.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE. MORNING

Now fully recovered, Daisy, dressed in quite an ostentatious new coat, walks through a local shopping centre with Aubrey once more several steps behind her carrying their shopping.

Daisy stops as they walk by a flight of concrete steps inside the shopping centre and looks up the steps, thinking to herself.

After a considerable pause, which a confused but unquestioning Aubrey joins her in, Daisy slowly walks up the steps, leaving an even more confused Aubrey behind.

Out of breath, Daisy takes another pause at the summit of the steps as she looks out across the shopping centre and then down at the steps she has climbed up.

Eyes tightly shut, Daisy throws herself down the steps, tumbling to the bottom and landing in a heap at the feet of a dismayed Aubrey.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING

Wrapped in several bandages, with a number of grazes and a black eye, Daisy sits in her usual position in front of the TV but in a nice, modern, more colourful chair.

Several letters are pushed through the letterbox and Aubrey goes to collect them once more.

On returning he sifts through the letters and hands all but one over to Daisy who in turn hastily disards all but one. She rips open the envelope to find, to her delight, a cheque for £8,000.

EXT. STREET. MORNING

In a scene identical to the first in all ways apart from the ostentatious coat, large amounts of gaudy jewellery and a daft but clearly expensive hat, Daisy walks down the street followed by a weighed-down Aubrey.

As Aubrey briefly stops by a postbox to post a letter Daisy stops ahead of him at the same time. Turning to face the road she looks both ways as if preparing to cross.

After a short pause glancing to her right she steps out in to the road and is immediately hit by a van, sending her flying, to the shock of Aubrey.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. AFTERNOON

Heavily bandaged, Daisy sits in bed.

Aubrey approaches the bed holding flowers in one hand and letters in the other.

Daisy snatches the letters out of his hand and again tears in to one of them, revealing a cheque for £20,000.

EXT. HOUSE. AFTERNOON

A shiny new car, piloted by Aubrey, pulls in to the driveway.

Aubrey gets out, walks around to the passenger seat and helps Daisy out of the car. Once out she pushes him aside and hastily, with a crazed mixture of excitement and grumpiness, heads in to the house.

INT/EXT. VARIOUS

To Aubrey's continued utter dismay, Daisy hunches over a toilet vomiting, grabs a live wire, electrocuting herself, wallops her head on a low-hanging arch, and places her hand in an industrial machine, sending blood splattering left right and centre as cheques are pushed through the letterbox thick and fast.

A final time, joining the usual letters is a magazine which Aubrey picks up and unfolds, revealing its title; "Opulent Holidays."

EXT. HOTEL. AFTERNOON

With the sun blazing down, Daisy, clad in ridiculous holiday-attire and refusing to remove her numerous pieces of jewelery, looks up at the face of the large hotel and the balconies adjoining each of the rooms. An exhausted Aubrey lays down two heavy suitcases by his sides and joins Daisy in looking upward.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. AFTERNOON

As Aubrey begins to unpack the suitcases, laid out on one of the twin beds, Daisy peers out of the door on to the balcony.

Before he knows it, Daisy has walked out of the door and very purposefully clambers over the balcony edge, disappearing out of sight. Aubrey looks out in surprise.

EXT. CEMETERY. AFTERNOON

A small, smartly dressed crowd gather around an open grave as a coffin is lowered in to it.

A solemn Aubrey looks on but isn't overcome with emotion.

INT. LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON

The same funeral crowd gather at Aubrey and Daisy's home for Daisy's wake. A relative awkwardly tries to console Aubrey who nods and smiles respectfully.

Several letters are pushed through the letterbox and Aubrey goes to collect them. He sifts through them and stops at one of the letters. Turning it around he carefully opens it and pulls out a cheque made out to Aubrey Evans for £500,000. The company cheque is clearly marked "Vivabit Life Assurance." A wide grin grows on Aubrey's face.